

Unapproachable & Unobtainable by Ambient Sound

Category: IT

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-19 23:39:26

Updated: 2019-11-24 10:09:57

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:39:37

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 11,298

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Anzu Kawakami had come from a different life, but due to a series of unfortunate events found her and her small family in Derry, Maine. She is soon to discover more unfortunate situations, make new friends, make enemies, discover a ancient evil cosmic horror and perhaps find love. Her courage and friendship will be tested as new bonds are forged. (Henry x OC)

1. Chapter 1

Ch1. The New New Kid

(Regular POV)

September 1989

It didn't matter what she wore, she was still very Japanese and in a very non-Japanese town called Derry, in Maine, USA. Mr. Kawakami, Anzu's father, was very set on her sticking to the old ways. The old ways being that she would practice swordsmanship and she would do it without question, because he knew what it was like to be different in a different world. Mr. Kawakami wanted his only daughter to protect herself and to be disciplined in mind and body, she is no fool and he would see to that. He did have a heart however and knew she was still young, his only girl, his young, silly, brave girl; he understood that she needed a childhood to remember when she was older.

Anzu Kawakami stepped out of her father's car into the parking lot of Derry high school, her credits indicated that she was a freshman. It was early in the morning, so students were being dropped off, quite a bit of the students were watching her and her father walking up to the school. Some of the them moved out of the way so that they could pass, Anzu kept her eyes on her father's back, she was not allowed to look down or in her father's words "Ashamed.". Her father taught her to keep her head up and to stay strong, it wouldn't be easy Mr. Kawakami said on the car ride here.

(Anzu's POV)

"They will question you and try to make you feel unhappy about yourself. Take your time choosing your friends, Anzu. You must defend yourself and you must try to be nice to others." His words echoed in my mind as we made our way to the front office desk. The woman there was typing fast on the computer, hardly looking up for anything or anyone. My father spoke sternly and that got her attention right away, they began the process of registering me. I got distracted and began looking around, there were so many kids most

of them were Anglos, all of them in fact. I was wondering if there would be enough time to find my classes before I was late for 1st period.

"Anzu, it's time." I heard my father say, I looked around at him as he handed me what would be my schedule, he kissed my left temple and informed me that he'd be picking me up after school and that he loved me.

"Love you, too." I said as he left the school. I braced myself and began reading where my classes would be and matching them up with the map I was given. It was still early, about an hour before classes would start, I may as well find my assigned locker. As it turns out, my locker wasn't too far away from homeroom and getting to it was no hassle either, getting the combination lock open was tricky seeing as how I had almost forgotten the number combination.

(Normal POV)

Down the hall from where Anzu was still struggling with her locker, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, and Stanley Uris were opening their lockers. Bill's friends had been trying to distract him with their usual banter, but Bill's mind was somewhere else. The police were never able to find his brother's body, Bill was already thinking of places where his little brother might have ended up.

"Hey look at that." Bill heard Richie say, he looked around him in time to see a girl with long black hair, with slanted eye's, she was almost about his height and she was definitely not from around here.

"A Chinese person? In Derry?" Eddie whispered to the others as he watched the girl Richie had pointed out go into English class.

"L-Looks l-l-like Stan and I h-h-have her f-for Morrison's c-c-class then." Bill said grabbing what he needed and closing his locker. Just then they saw Belch Huggins, Patrick Hockstetter, Victor Criss, and Henry Bowers walk right past them. Bill, Eddie, Richie, and Stanley collectively held their breaths as if by doing so the older boys wouldn't see them.

The Bowers gang was perhaps the meanest band of boys they knew in

Derry, they watched as the group shoved past kids as while making their way through the hall.

Henry Bowers' was their leader, sandy blonde mullet, wore sleeveless shirts, ripped jeans, working boots, nasty attitude and even nastier temper; he was followed Reginald "Belch" Huggins, big heavy set boy, could possibly play on the football team were it not for his horrible reputation of beating up kids for Henry, always wore a band t-shirt, jeans, boots, he was the lead enforcer of the gang; Behind him was a skinny looking kid by the name of Victor Criss, light blonde hair, wore nice shirts and cargo pants with combat boots, he was always very quiet, but would pick up on all the gossip in the school, he was Henry's informant and kept many of his fingers in everyone's pie's, not much of a fighter, but had more of a silver tongue; he was then flanked by Patrick Hockstetter, tall and lanky, head of black shoulder length hair, always had a creepy smile on his face, definitely the weirdest guy in the gang, might become a future murderer according to some. They did what they wanted to whoever was around and they liked picking on anyone who was different or whomever they thought was weak, they usually picked on younger kids.

Bill could hear the gang making threats and laughing to themselves, asking girls disgusting questions and just being vulgar.

The sound of the bell ringing broke Bill and his friends from their trance. Bill and Stanley quickly made their way over to their 1st period class.

"I hope we steer clear of them this year." Eddie said to himself.

"I don't think that's gonna happen, Eds." Replied Richie, watching as Hockstetter turned around to smile creepily at them.

What a way to start freshmen year...

Bill sat next to Stanley, watching as the kids started coming in and taking their seats in class. Stanley kept making sideways glances at the new kid, she was wearing a large dark blue sweater, light blue jeans, and had sneakers on her feet. Bill would occasionally sneak a look in her direction but wasn't able to get a look at her face. Their

teacher was asking them to make introductions because they had a new student, she got up and introduced herself as Anzu Kawakami, from Kyoto, Japan but recently moved from Oregon. Her face was calm, and she looked at everyone from where she stood by her desk. Some of the kids greeted her back out of respect, including Bill and Stanley.

Beverly Marsh was running late to class, it looked like her first period was History; as she made her way to home room. She caught a glimpse of Henry Bowers and Greta Keene making out in the hallway next to some lockers, to which Beverly was thankful none belonged to her.

Greta looked away from Henry at Beverly, "What are you looking at, slut?" to which Henry laughed. Beverly kept walking, trying to ignore any further confrontations with either of them. They were both terrible people and this whole town seemed that way to her. Terrible.

Beverly walked into class late as students were introducing themselves and so began the long first day in class.

Henry Bowers and Patrick Hockstetter took a seat, in their 1st period, in the back of the room for Science, watching everyone who came in.

"Did you see that Chinese looking chick that walked into school this morning?" one of their classmates said to each other. The jocks were already placing bets on who would hit that first, some of the guys thought she was too plain looking. One of the well-to-do jocks perked up with interest, his name was Zeke Swanson, "Shit, I'll take that bet. Whoever can get her number gets \$50 if they do it this week." He challenged.

"I'll get her number by the end of today, fucker." Said another meathead, John Williams who was sitting across from the Swanson kid and they then shook hands taking the bet.

"Sounds promising, Bowers." Patrick said looking over at Henry, who shrugged his shoulders. Henry hadn't seen her yet, but he was certainly hearing about her now. He was curious at the very least.

After 5th period had ended Anzu was making her way to the lunchroom, counting the steps as she went. She would do this involuntarily now as it had become part of her training, how many steps would it take to find the exit? Is what her father would sometimes say while they would practice in doors if the weather was too much.

"57 steps before I find myself in the hall and 66 more steps until I was outside." She said under her breath. It wasn't the most important part of her training, in her opinion, but her father insisted that she do this. She was a fighter by nature and swordswoman by choice, but she was a teenager ultimately and right now she wanted something to eat. After picking up her food, she went in search of a place to sit and eat but found nothing and no one wanted her to sit with them.

The student population had already found out about Anzu Kawakami and many of them didn't know where to put her. She was different, but she seemed unapproachable. Greta Keene tried to get her to join her group of friends but was bluntly shot down. To which Greta had replied with, "I only asked because you looked depressingly pathetic." Anzu didn't respond to her.

Anzu managed to find a spot between the jocks where she wouldn't bother anyone or be bothered.

Some of them would watch her to see what she was doing and immediately go back to their own conversations.

"So, she's Japanese?" Richie asked Bill and Stan, before shoving a fork full of spaghetti-o's in his mouth. Eddie watched him chew his food in disgust, "Would you close your dirty mouth please?" he complained. Richie just exaggerated his chewing even more; Stanley made a disgusted look as he got a glimpse of what Richie was eating.

Not missing a beat, Bill responded, "Her l-l-last name is K-Kawakami, s-s-so yeah."

"Well, Jap girl is sitting by herself over there." Richie pointed out, to where the new girl was sitting.

"What? You guys want her to sit with us?" Stanley responded after

several seconds of no one talking. Suddenly Bill stood up and began walking in her direction; the rest of his friends were silent and watched what would happen next. Neither of them could believe stuttering Bill was doing what they all thought of doing.

The Bowers gang had just walked into the lunchroom to bother some poor souls; Belch and Victor began making their way to the lunch line while Patrick and Henry stayed behind to observe the room. Patrick nudged Henry's arm, "Look." Henry didn't have to look long before he spotted stuttering Bill and that chinese girl everyone was talking about; He'd only seen the back of the girl's head so far and this time was no different. Bill was facing him and talking down from where the chink was sitting, he leaned over to Patrick saying, "Later, not here." Patrick felt a jolt of excitement at Henry's order, he couldn't wait for later.

"Let's do it now, man." He replied strolling after Henry and the others.

Henry wanted a good look at the girl's face, just to see what she'd look like; he hated how at every turn she always seemed to look away from him.

After they got their food the older boys went to have a seat on one side of the cafeteria, when Keene joined them and sat next to Henry.

"The new bitch is a bitch." He heard Greta say to him just as he was sitting down, he broke his stare to look at his "Girlfriend", who had come to sit with him.

"Yeah? What kind of bitch is she?" Patrick asked with some interest, he hadn't been able to get a good look at the girl either.

"Ugh! She's so plain. etc., etc., etc...." she began her rant, and everyone tuned her out, Henry just wanted to stab himself in the ears. He knew he was going to regret hooking up with Greta, he just needed her so he could occupy his time until someone else came along.

Henry got up out of frustration and managed to see her face for the first time.

Her eyes were slanted and dark, her lips were a bit small and they were a light pink, skin was light, she had a round face, which was framed by thick long jet black hair, the strands of hair loosely hugged her child like face.

It took him a few seconds to get a decent once over of her figure, but it was hidden by her baggy clothes. All he could see were her toned legs, but nothing much going up her thighs; she wore a big patterned dark blue sweater with what looked like flowers on them.

To him she looked more than plain, but she was moving to sit with stuttering Bill and his band of losers. It wouldn't matter because Patrick wanted a go at her, he always wanted a go, and he said to himself once that he would only date white girls. There was a slight tingle in his ear when he thought of it, but at least he knows what she looks like now and she looked more than plain.

Anzu felt someone's gaze upon her; she was an oddity of course people were going to stare at her, so she paid no mind.

Bill, Anzu's classmate from home room, had extended an offer for her to sit with him and his friends to which she agreed. They talked about outdoor activities, board games, TV shows, etc. Bill had brought her over, so she wasn't lonely, but was happy to find himself distracted by their conversation. She liked playing tag and she owned a bike although she said it was new. Stanley, getting over his nervousness of girls, asked if she wanted to go biking after school with them. However, she turned him down saying she had to do a job for her dad after school and they exchanged numbers.

The bell rang and it was time go to 6th period, Anzu had gym and was glad she didn't eat a whole lot.

After finding a secluded spot in the girl's locker room, inside a bathroom stall Anzu began changing into her gym clothes. Hearing approaching footsteps enter the bathroom, voices emerged as the door opened revealing to be some girls from Anzu assumed would be in her gym class and then very quickly to be joined by another voice, Greta. She begins complaining that Henry really hasn't been paying too much attention to her lately and it might be time to split up with

him.

Anzu chose at that moment to walk out of the stall and everything seemed to get quite and then Greta spoke, "Were you eaves dropping on us, jap girl?" Anzu simply ignored them and walked out of the bathroom, left her things inside her locker and took off for gym class.

There Anzu met Ben Hanscom and they became fast friends, shooting hoops together, Anzu making most of the hoops than Ben. Unbeknownst to them, they or mostly Anzu were being watched by Henry and Patrick; they just so happened to be there in the same class. They watched as the coach asked Anzu to play with some of the basketball girls, she was good and agile. Patrick made a comment about her being flexible and Henry just grunted as response. She was prettier than Greta that was for sure, but she kind of seemed hard to approach she didn't look the type to scare easily, but he was sure he and the boys could think of something.

She was fast on the court, zipping past girls, maneuvering the ball anywhere she pleased, most of the girls could barely keep up; Anzu played well with her team mates and by the end of gym class the coach was seriously offering to place Anzu on the team. She said she'd bring it up with her folks, but she felt that would interrupt her actual martial arts training; Ben came up to high five her and they began to talk animatedly about other random things after they were dismissed from gym class.

Patrick's control slipped a bit as he wolf whistled at Anzu as she and Ben walked passed, but he was ultimately ignored. Anzu and Ben had to split up and go their separate ways into the locker rooms. Henry and Patrick quickly followed Ben into the boy's locker rooms.

"So fat boy, think that chink is your fuckin' girlfriend now, huh?" Patrick quickly wrapped his right arm around Ben's neck while Henry stood in front of them with a wild smirk on his face. Ben wished he really wasn't alone right now and began looking for a way out, but his attention was brought back to Henry when he slapped his face hard making Ben see double for a few seconds. "Answer the question you fucking pig; think she's your little girlfriend?" Henry questioned, Ben looked him in the eye's, "We're just friends." Earning him another slap to the face and Patrick shoving him into the lockers, making sure

Ben hit headfirst against them before he fell to his knees.

Patrick looked down at Ben, "I'm saving her for me, tits." He said darkly and then got down to Ben's level almost whispering in his ear, "I hear chink pussy is a delicacy." Ben's stomach dropped and he felt only rage, but before he could act on it, they had taken off. So, the moment he was surely alone he quickly got dressed and went looking for Anzu to at the very least warn her, luckily, she was waiting for him outside the gym.

"What happened to your forehead, Ben?" Anzu rushed over to him and Ben tried to play it off, but as if on cue Hockstetter and Bowers emerged from the other side of the gym with wide smiles as they noticed Anzu and Ben. Anzu had a feeling it was them, but Ben confirmed it for her and acknowledged that is was. She eyed them as they made their way back to the main building, both boys watching for a time as well and then continuing their path.

"I would stir clear of them Anzu, they seem dangerous." Warned Ben and she nodded understanding and her fists began to tighten thinking about what they must have done to hurt Ben. He warned Anzu of what the taller boy said his plans for her were; she felt disgusted and angered after hearing this.

Her father's words echoing in her head, telling her to be vigilant and aware of her surroundings.

The walk back to the main building was quiet, but Ben broke the silence when he invited her to hang out sometime and she agreed. Ben and Anzu confirmed that they had the next class period together, but he had forgotten something from his locker and took off to go get it. Anzu was looking out for those boys now, she had remembered Bill saying they were the Bowers gang and the dirty blond one was called Henry. She now started looking for Bill, Eddie, Richie, and Stanley in the hall when she suddenly heard a wolf whistle. She began remembering that it was creepy tall one and that the other boys were not far behind.

Eddie and Richie were moving about the halls as they met up with Bill and Stanley, they all noticed Anzu and began waving her over, but stopped when they noticed the Bowers gang walking closely

behind her. They could see Anzu slow her walking pace to see if they could pass her up, but they circled around her. Bill and the others began freaking out and started devising a plan to help her get out of this situation.

"Maybe one of us could fake a heart attack." Richie suggested.

"Are you stupid? We run over and shout that Henry has a knife!" whispered Eddie.

Bill interjected saying, "W-We c-could fake that a t-t-teacher has t-t-to speak to h-her a-about something."

"We could get a teacher to call her over." Stanley offered and the boys ran off to find the nearest instructor.

Anzu slowed down hoping that they would pass her, but they surrounded her, she looked up and was sure she made eye contact with each boy. "What's a chink like you doing in this school, baby?" she heard the tall creepy boy say on her right, the dirty blond boy moved over to her left with two other boys she had noticed flanking her from behind.

Henry had a smile on his face, but when Anzu looked around to assess her situation he only chuckled and said, "Yeah sweet cheeks, you're surrounded." Anzu looked at him defiantly, he was a little stunned by her sudden disregard for his existence.

He suddenly heard her speak, "You Henry Bowers?" she asked him, ignoring Patrick once again, which seemed to piss off the tall lanky teen, and he growled as he moved closer to her. "Yeah that's me, what's it to you c-" he was suddenly cut off by Anzu getting in his face, which he had flashbacks of his dad doing, "Leave my friends and I alone, Bowers."

"What's going on?" asked an approaching teacher, Anzu saw where the teacher was coming from and past them, she could see Bill and others waving her over frantically, she took her chance and sped off past the teacher. Bowers watched her take off like a shot, he could smell her as she passed; he had never smelled anything like that scent

before and he suddenly became very angry remembering what she had just done in his face. "That fucking bitch." He could hear Patrick say as the teacher began questioning them.

Henry wanted to get back at her for getting in his face now and making him look like a fool, but at the same time her fragrance really caught him off guard.

"Holy shit, Anzu, that was close." Richie said slinging his arm around Anzu's shoulder. Stanley patted her back, "What did you tell Bowers?" he asked as they all began walking to their 7th period class, Anzu smiled shaking her head, "I only asked what his name was and for him to leave us alone." She shared this with the boys as they all had a seat together in Math class. "Damn, him and his goons are probably going to come after us even harder." Eddie remarked taking out a water bottle and a pill from his fanny pack before quickly consuming them. Ben walked into that class a few minutes later with Anzu waving him over and everyone was introduced.

"So, we got the new kid and the new new kid." Richie stated watching Anzu and Ben and making funny faces at them. The rest of 7th period went smoothly for her; it was then that the bell rang and they all parted ways for 8th period.

Anzu found her way to Arts and Crafts class, which she was excited about. The classroom was open and had large tables where the students could sit and work. Once the class had started, she had taken a seat and wanted for instruction.

"You're gonna pay for what you did, Chink."

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: The Curtin Rises

"You're gonna pay for what you did, Chink." The familiar voice of Henry Bowers came from behind Anzu. She turned around and saw that Henry was sitting at a table behind her and from what she could gather by all the torn sheets of paper that he was pissed. "So, I'm going to have to pay for wanting you and your friends to leave us alone? What did I or they ever do to you?" she asked.

"You and your faggot friends are weak and don't have place in my town." Spat Henry. Anzu raised an eyebrow, "This is barely my first day and I hardly know you except for your name. As far as I'm aware you're just being rude for no reason and this isn't just your town so get off your high horse. Oh, by the way, I'm Japanese you jerk." Anzu fired back and then he suddenly lost his cool, "FUCK YOU, YOU GOD DAMN GREASY JAP!" Anzu looked back at him unimpressed and moved herself to another table.

The teacher was already on him and sending him to the office with a referral. Anzu later joined him in the office and sat a chair away from him.

"So, what now you're in trouble too?" he mumbled.

"Just giving my side of the story." Was all she said before the principle called in Bowers and Anzu got called in by the counselor.

Anzu had to sit there and get lectured for talking back to Bowers. He was being a racist and she was getting lectured about being a nice quiet girl, she did find out that his dad was a police officer. After a while Anzu simply got up and said, "If you won't help me, then I'll help myself. How dare you call yourself a guidance counselor." Her choice of words stunned the counselor as Anzu made her way out of her office.

Anzu walked out of the school to find her dad parked out in front and waiting for her, he had a knowing smile on his face. "I heard you've

been making friends and enemies today, watashi no kodomo." Anzu got into the car and sighed heavily. "His dad is a police officer and he only got a slap on the wrist from what I heard." Anzu had the thousand-yard stare as she looked ahead. "Then we should continue your training in that case." He stated and she nodded as they pulled out of the parking lot.

There was a blue trans-am still in the parking lot where the Bowers gang was sat and observed Anzu and her father drive away. Henry was furious as he saw them take off, "I'm going to fucking make her pay."

That night Henry had been knocked around by Butch Bowers, his father, for having to be called in to his son's school while he was on duty.

"You fuckin' bitch! You think I want to get called in to your goddamned school on the first day just cuz you cussed out a fuckin' Jap girl?" he shouted as he slapped Henry across the face; Henry tried blocking his slap, but his father was too strong.

"I-I'm sorry dad-"he tried apologizing, but was cut off again by his dad hitting him but with his belt this time. Henry curled up into a ball while his dad kept hitting his body with the belt, the buckle cutting into his flesh. Henry cried as this continued and after what seemed like forever, he got up and began running towards his room with his father running after him.

Henry having escaped to the bathroom and his dad yelling at him from the other side of the door. Henry was now trying to clean up his new fresh wounds; Everything that was happening to him was because of her. The rage he felt inside. He linked it back to the Kawakami girl with whom he wanted revenge against.

"IF YOU DON'T MAN UP AND COME OUT HERE, I'LL BREAK DOWN THIS MOTHER FUCKIN' DOOR, COME OUT PUSSY!" he heard his father yelling again, Henry shook violently as his father was calling him out then begrudgingly opened the door and let the inevitable happen. Butch grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and slammed him against the wall, "If I ever have to receive another call from your school again, for any reason. You. Will. Pay." He said shoving his son

down the hallway towards his room. Henry darted away, closing the door behind him, frightened.

Finally making it back over to his room, he fixed up his wounds before painfully laying down on his bed, His mind wandered back to her and he did wonder why he was so fixated on harming her. In all honesty, she truly did nothing wrong, but he couldn't control how he acted when she was around. Henry felt emasculated by her bravery and felt it only necessary to verbally attack her.

Deep down he had no other way to express how truly nervous she made him feel.

_(Earlier that day) _

"Its best that they never talk, Mr. Bowers, and I hope this isn't the example you give your son at home." Retorted Mr. Kawakami; now looking at the officer, as if daring him to reveal his true colors on purpose.

"I agree with you, but Mr. Kawakami, with all due respect leave what I teach my son out of your business. He ought to be getting it from somewhere else." Officer Bowers gave Mr. Kawakami a hard look before dipping his head in a self-dismissive manner and turned to leave; Mr. Kawakami watched as he left the room and grabbed his son by the back of the neck roughly and they took off.

What Mr. Kawakami gleaned from that conversation was that Officer Bowers seemed rough with his son and there was more going on with them.

Somewhere across town, Anzu was getting hit as well. However, she then deflected the next hit her father aimed at her. He worried about his daughter being unable to defend herself or anyone else and for every day after school she would train with him. Mr. Kawakami, a Japanese man in his forties whom his daughter had inherited his jet black hair, was putting his daughter through her paces, after having a conversation with the boy's father, Officer Bowers; they both agreed that their children were never allowed to interact with each other.

Mrs. Kawakami, a warm hearted and stern woman of Japanese descent with brown hair and light skin, asked if perhaps he might be pushing her too hard, but he explained that situation and how he knows he can't protect her all the time.

Anzu and Henry were instructed by their fathers to stay away from each other, but the flimsy warning would only last so long as the year went on. Over time, Anzu became better friends with Bill and the others while the Bowers gang tended to leave only Anzu and Bill alone on Henry's orders, his excuse was that he would give Bill a free pass this year because of his little brother and because Anzu was Bill's friend by association.

The second day of school, Anzu met Beverly Marsh in art class and they began talking as the week went on and found that she was also a target of Bowers bullying as well. During their conversations, Anzu discovered that Beverly liked being outside and that she liked to explore the woods and that she owned a slingshot. Anzu was glad that she wasn't the only one who proficient is using a weapon, she asked Beverly to show off her skills sometime and she agreed. In art class, Beverly was fairly good at drawing while Anzu struggled, but with Bev's help she was able get in some practice.

As the first week continued, Anzu found out about Bill's missing brother, Georgie, and agreed to help him look even though she knew he was probably dead. Not only did she have to look out for her new friends now, but she was keeping an eye out for the Bowers gang and vice versa. Eddie and Richie told her about which one was which, pointing them out to her in the lunch room. Now Anzu had the names to the faces that surrounded her the first day, she would do her best to remember this.

To her peers, she was kind, fair, quick with a comeback, and she was light on her feet. As the second week rolled around, Anzu Kawakami had become somewhat of a mystery to her classmates, usually preferring to keep to herself and her selective group of friends. To her friends, she was smart and freakishly perceptive, noticing how she caught little details or they would hear her counting to herself as she would walk. When Eddie asked her why she would always count as she walked, Anzu had said she always needed to know how far away

her exits were. Stanley asked if she was religious, she explained that her family loosely believed in Shintoism, but they weren't exclusively attached to the belief. The boys asked her questions about what it was like growing up in another part of the world, what her food was like and if her family still makes it. She offered to bring some with her next time to share; she described what kind of food her parents made. Bill expressed interest in trying some of her families food, Anzu would set aside the time to make something for her new friends.

Although her family had been living in America for about five years since they left Japan, her and her parents loosely practiced traditional Shinto customs such as praying on certain days at the family altar inside their living room and making fortunes then placing them on their backyard fence. Being away from home almost felt like her family was out of the loop, but it would be a while before things were able to calm down and if fortune was on her family's side they would be able to go back soon. When she thought about the past, Anzu always blamed herself even if her parents said it wasn't ever her fault. It happened that the situation she was in was completely out of her control, her father always reminded her of this, but Anzu felt that she was at fault deep down. In her mind, she was the reason that her little family had to leave, Kyoto.

Anzu would excel in school and not fall in with the wrong crowd, believing that's the least she could do in order to help make things right.

Bowers laughed when the jocks lost each other's bets that first week, Kawakami was never alone and avoided them like the plague it seemed. Whenever they would try to talk to her she always had some sort of excuse and was taking off before they could continue.

However, Zeke Swanson was a persistent mother fucker and kept trying to get Anzu alone. He was an athlete on the football team with an imposing figure, but many of his teammates liked him and many young ladies always sought his company. Nevertheless, Swanson was a junior running after a freshman like a lost puppy and it seemed that Kawakami took notice because she began really avoiding him. It would seem she wasn't interested in his advances, but he wasn't

taking the hint.

By the third and fourth week of school ,it started bugging Henry just a little, but how can he act so pussy whipped when he ain't even had her? Bowers wondered why he even cared; she was just some chink and nothing else. He felt that this was none of his business, but whenever he was in the halls he'd see Swanson trying to talk to Kawakami would watch how she'd quickly brush him off; he'd have a sudden sense of relief whenever she successfully avoided him.

Bowers did notice Patrick take more of an interest in Kawakami though, he'd catch Hockstetter following Kawakami to her next class or staring at her during gym or during passing periods. This also didn't sit well with him, but Vic suggested that things would blow over towards the end of the month and Belch suggested maybe even trying to talk to Kawakami at which point Henry just flat out said "No.".

Henry wouldn't admit to himself that he was curious about her too, there was more to her and he couldn't help being attracted to that. However, he couldn't get around how baggy her clothes were, all her shirts, sweaters, and even jeans on occasion were over-sized. He never even saw her wearing a dress, but there he was checking her out in the baggy basketball shorts she was wearing for gym. The fact of the matter was, he wanted something to look at, but she wasn't showing off anything and yet he still wasn't sure why he kept looking for her throughout these last four weeks. There were times when Henry would take quick glances of Anzu in art class; she was always sitting with Beverly Marsh now. He recognized that he sort of drove her away, but in his mind he felt justified because she was showing him up and trying to make him look weak in front of his friends and everyone else.

'Why am I fucking thinking about her right now?' He thought to himself one night while he was out having a smoke with his friends in Belch's car.

The gang was hanging out at the quarry, smoking, they were all sitting in the car with some low rock music playing on the radio. The car smelled like marijuana, but they were airing it out after hot

boxing for almost an hour; "Why are the girls so uptight?" Belch asked suddenly, the back of his head relaxing against the car seat. "Cuz they ain't found something to make'em wet." Hockstetter answered back smoothly grabbing at his crotch. The boys laughed, "Ok, ok, who's the most uptight chick though?" Vic asked looking out the window of the car up at the night sky. "It's that Kawakami chick, for sure. She's blue balling them fuckin' jocks; Swanson really wants to fuck her." Henry said without missing a beat, "Yeah, I've heard he's tried asking her out to parties and shit, she just tells him she works after school for her family." Vic confirmed his story. "Ugh, she needs to get her head out of her ass; I bet she's not doing shit after school!" Patrick raised his voice. "Do you think she's pretty; maybe she's a good lay and no one knows?" Belch asked yet another weird question and Henry groaned softy 'What if she was great in bed?' now he'd never know because he was being 'Rude' according to her. "I'll tell you guys about it after I've had her first or maybe we could share her." Announced Patrick, taking another drag and holding in his exhale, "It's hard to tell with her baggy ass clothes, maybe she's flat everywhere?" Vic offered earning around of agreeing grunts.

"No one mess with her, I'm claiming her." Henry said into the silence and everyone seemed to stop breathing in that moment.

He reminded himself that he could have anyone after he and Greta broke things off and in some fucked up way, he wanted Kawakami next. She certainly wasn't afraid of him and that really got him going, but he would sooner die than to share that with anyone. Also, the fact that his father forbade him was like a challenge to go right ahead, but quickly realized he was in competition with Hockstetter now.

"Wait, you're fucking claiming her? I was just about to." Patrick whined and Henry turned to look at him quickly. "Did I fucking stutter? I'm saying she's mine now, she fucking ignores you're ass any ways. You can have her once I'm done." He fired back keeping eye contact with Patrick and there was a very charged silence.

"I wanted her first, Bowers, I saw her first." Hockstetter challenged, it seemed like there was no sound in the car.

"Too bad, I claimed her first, do you want me to fucking remind you

who's in charge? Know your place, Hockstetter." Henry warned never breaking eye contact with Patrick. It wasn't until Belch sneezed that the tension eased in the car, Henry instructed Huggins to start the car and to drop everyone off and all the way home Patrick began sharing what his plans were for Kawakami. Patrick submissively offered Henry a temporary partnership to just get Kawakami alone to start and Henry agreed tensely.

For some reason, Patrick's plans fucking grossed him out this time around, he felt that it must have been because those plans involved Kawakami and in the worst possible way. Right from the start Belch backed out claiming, "My ass ain't going to fuckin' jail, you sick fucker." Victor promptly declined too, saying he was straight up not interested. However, Henry felt like he had to stick around to see how things went, but he probably really wanted to see her suffer or he wanted to take her out of this situation, or he wasn't sure now.

"They're a bunch of pussies, right Bowers?" Patrick stated as he was trying to justify his mindset and the dark thoughts that came out of it.

In Henry's mind he knew that was wrong, but she needed to stop being so...desirable to him and maybe if he ruined her, he wouldn't want her anymore and she would be just another whore, but something about that lone thought really fucking bothered him... maybe he wanted her for himself... maybe he didn't want Patrick to hurt her... maybe...

September came and went then October arrived, Anzu was hiding out in the girl's bathroom with Beverly checking outside of the restroom door for Swanson. "I saw him pass just now; you think you can make a run for it to art?" She looked back at Anzu who was now standing on the sink and opening the latch for the bathroom window, Anzu looked back at her quickly.

"I could just climb out this window and be on my way to class, Beverly." She stated not moving from her position, Beverly chuckled shaking her head.

"Get down from there, K. I'll walk with you and make sure no one

gets to you." She offered, but Anzu only shook her head.

"I'm worried about what I'll do if he tries to make a grab for me again. I can't risk putting you in the middle of that, He's creepy-"Marsh cut her off.

"That's why we gotta stick together, K. Two against one is safer, remember safety in numbers." Beverly closed the door and began walking over to Anzu reaching her hand out for her to hold. Anzu jumped down from the sink and clasped hands with Marsh, "Ok, but let's be quick." Kawakami stated and they both made their way out of the girl's bathroom and began power walking to their final class. It was quiet for a moment, they hadn't even noticed that they past Huggins and Bowers before they heard the familiar voice of Swanson.

"Hey Anzu, wait up!" he shouted. Which prompted both girls to flat out start running off to their last period, Henry watched as they ran into their art class then he instructed Huggins to get in Swanson's way. Belch shoulder checked Swanson quickly, throwing the athlete off balance, "Watch it Huggins." He growled now turning his attention to Belch and then to Henry "Why you gotta be chasing after little girls, wha' you some kinda pedophile?" Huggins challenged, now getting Zeke's full attention.

"The fuck business is it of yours?" Zeke said back quickly, "You get your boy off my ass, Bowers."

"Or you'll do what to me, Cuntson, I don't mind beating the shit out of you here in the fucking hall, unless you want me to." Henry threatened and Zeke just rolled his eyes already losing interest then started walking back to the main building. He then turned around as Henry and Belch continued walking towards the art building, "You're not fucking her first; you can have my sloppy seconds, Bowers." He said confidently with a smirk on his face and watched as Henry slowly turned to look back at him. "You sound pretty confident for a cunt that can't even get her to talk to you, looked like she was running away from you." Henry cackled shooting him the middle finger and watching as Swanson shot the middle finger back at him saying, "Shut the fuck up asshole!" before continuing the trek back to the main hall.

Belch let Henry get to class before taking off to his, Henry poked his head back out from the door before Belch was out of ear shot. "Don't let no one fuck around with her unless it's me, Huggins." Belch nodded hearing that and continued on his way.

Anzu was standing near the dry rack looking for her picture when she felt someone's presence near hers and then they cleared their throat, "I think you owe me something Kawakami, I got rid of Swanson for ya." Henry's voice came from behind her, the presence got closer. Anzu's heart skipped a beat and she had to calm herself down remembering that he was actually a racist jerk, but when she looked over at him he almost looked hopeful which was something she wasn't expecting. Before she could get a word out he spoke again, "You could give me a kiss as payment." He said with a wolfish grin on his face, getting into her personal space to which she stepped back.

"I don't like how you're going to pretend like you didn't just call me a greasy Jap last month, I'm not going to hold my breath for an apology, I didn't ask for your help with Swanson, and No I'm not going to kiss you as payment." She went back to looking for her picture, ignoring him huff in disappointment, but he got into her personal space mainly because he liked the way she smelled.

"That's my apology, baby, I-"he tried talking before she got in his face again, this is what he was waiting for all day.

"I'm not your baby and that is not an apology, you should look up human decency before you start making up crap." She quickly found her picture and started walking off, but he got in her way again.

"Well then good luck getting Swanson to leave you alone, I mean I can tell him your my girl-" she interrupted him again by brushing him off and continued walking past him, he took a deep breath involuntarily smelling her perfume as she passed him.

"No." she stated before going to take her seat next to Beverly.

He stood there for a long time willing himself not to have an erection; her attitude, her smell, and the fact that they just had a full on conversation was turning him on which made his body tense up.

"It looks like whatever you said really pissed him off, K." Beverly whispered looking back from Bowers over to Anzu and watching her just shrug at the situation.

"Jerk shouldn't say weird crap to me." She began working on her drawing as Beverly smiled to herself.

"Everyone is afraid of those guys except you; I don't know how you do it, K." She said as Henry passed them and took his seat at a table behind them.

The next day went on as normal and so Anzu decided to visit the library to work on the rest of her assignment from one of her classes. As she browsed the aisles looking for the book she needed, her eyes happened to cross that of blue eyes from the aisle of books across from hers. It startled her with how quickly this person's eyes appeared seemingly out of nowhere, she worried for a moment that it was Zeke's eyes but couldn't remember. When she looked back through the tops of the books across the aisle, the blue eyes were gone, but she heard someone cough at the end of the aisle on her right. There she saw Henry leaning up against the stacks of books with an odd look on his face, like he was remembering something fondly.

Henry was able to catch her off guard and she looked so innocent when she thought no one was watching her, he had been at the library skipping class because it was cold outside and noticed her walk in. He watched her for some time making mental notes about her appearance; how the light from the window bounced off the top of her head and how it hit the back of her neck where it was exposed to the light, how her eyes seemed intensely focused on the book she was reading and how her little pink lips were parted as she read to herself, she wore a shorter looking shirt today and he could see more of her legs and part of her butt. He wondered why she was keeping her figure a secret and could only imagine what she was hiding from everyone, and then she noticed him once he got closer from across the aisle.

"Did I scare ya?" he asked with a hint of a chuckle, he walked closer to her and saw her tense up slightly.

"I didn't think I was being so closely watched, what is it that you want Bowers?" she questioned skeptically, holding the book at her side.

She watched him carefully; he leaned back against the aisle of books with his hands folded over his chest.

"Bored, Decided to cut class and hangout here for a bit, but I feel like you're more interesting to talk to. So why don't you come closer and maybe you could read that book to me, I won't bite too hard." He tried with a sly grin on his face while he looked to her waiting for her reaction. Wasn't he supposed to be getting his revenge on her? He was fucking trying to flirt right now. It just seemed so easy to talk to her when it was only the two of them and with no one else around to hear their conversation, too.

She simply shook her head and stated plainly, "No, I'd rather not. Unlike you I'm trying to pass my classes and have a future for myself." She looked back and opened her book now facing away from him.

Henry stalked closer to her and got in her personal space, "Maybe I need help with my classes, baby-"

She cut him off, "I'm not your baby, go ask for a tutor and maybe you'll get somewhere." She brushed him off, but he quickly took the book from her hands, to which she let him take it, she was not in the mood to fight him today. "What if I want you to tutor me? My old man says a woman is always supposed to help the man, whenever he asks her for somethin." He said as he held the book away from her and waited for her to jump for it, but she simply stood there looking at him with an unimpressed expression.

"I don't have time for this, Bowers. Give me the book back please." She asked sternly, but he only got in her face. "Kiss me and I'll give it back to you, Kawakami." He said getting closer and she could smell his breath which happened to be fruity in some odd way. Anzu stepped back and began to walk away, but Bowers caught her arm and made her turn around to face him, she jerked her arm out of his grasp quickly. "Don't touch me." She said quietly never breaking eye contact with him; that look was familiar to him and so he quickly let

go. He shoved the book back in her hands and stormed off, "Fucking loser." Was all she heard him say under his breath before he took off.

Anzu stood there in the aisle confused as to what just happened, but quickly brushed it off and went back to her work; she wouldn't let him distract her.

He was beating himself up about touching her, not only just touching her, but how forcefully he grabbed her and how she reacted to it. He recognized her reaction as his own when his father would try to grab him too. Henry didn't mean to call her a fucking loser, but that was his reaction if things didn't go his way. In truth, he was unknowingly starting to look for her, not just in the library, but in the halls now. To him he thought he was buttering her up, but it was deeper than that. He found himself in the boys restroom, he ran his hands through his hair thinking about how he can approach her now without having to touch her roughly, like how his dad treats him, in his head he wanted to hurt her, but his heart wanted to not have him touch her in anger. No, he wanted to make her feel things for him before he hurt her, but was it ok for him to start feeling things as well?

'You're fucking weak, Henry.' A voice sounding much like his father's suddenly rang in his head.

He walked into a stall and took off his shirt, bunched it up and with tears starting to fall from his eyes he screamed into the shirt. He shook violently as he was so conflicted with himself, thankfully no one walked into the restroom in that moment and he was able to clean himself up quickly and left.

He thought about going back and seriously apologizing, but then he saw Anzu step out of the Library entrance and suddenly be approached by Zeke and his heart almost dropped, but she looked like she wanted to avoid him.

Anzu was about to take off to her next class, when she ran into Swanson at the door, she mentally cringed when she saw his face light up and he smiled down at her.

"Hey Anzu, I was wondering if you maybe wanted to hang out with me? We could catch a movie or go to the park?" he asked quickly as

he immediately started moving into her space.

'Ok, what is it with people getting in my space?' she thought, defiantly taking a few steps back. 'First, Bowers and now this guy.'

"I'm busy-" she started saying but Zeke cut her off suddenly, "See, you always say that and I'm thinking it's not cool to leave a guy, whose interested in you, hanging. Maybe you wanna give me a chance? I'm a really nice guy." That was the straw that broke the camel's back for Anzu and Henry, who happened to be near by listening.

Anzu narrowed her eyes at him, "Then maybe you should take yourself out on a date, Swanson because I'm not interested. I've been nice and polite and I've said no many times and that is what I mean, No! It's not suddenly going to be yes, I'm busy and I'm not interested in you, have a good day." She took off, but Zeke was right behind her and trying to reach for her, but she anticipated him and moved out of the way.

Henry lost it when he tried grabbing her for a second time and came running at him to push him away from Kawakami, neither Zeke nor Anzu were expecting Bowers to show up. Henry wasn't sure why he did it either, but he moved in front of her putting himself between the two.

"She fucking told you she ain't interested, drop it and move on to someone else." Was all he said and then said over his shoulder, "You better move your ass outta here Kawakami."

Zeke looked furious but was interrupted when a passing teacher caught the three of them in the hall, "Excuse me, but where are the three of you supposed to be?" the teacher began making his way over to them. Anzu spoke up first moving in front of Bowers, who was taken aback by her forwardness.

"I was sent to get Bowers from the Library by our teacher, I don't know what Swanson was doing out here, Sir." She gestured to Swanson who looked at her incredulously and the teacher told Anzu and Henry to get back to class, while he had a word with the furious athlete.

Henry walked with Anzu for a good few minutes; he looked at her every now and then, but his mind was exploding 'She just lied to help me get out of trouble! Should I be thanking her? What the fuck do I do?' he mind was going blank on what to say.

Anzu, filled with too much adrenaline to talk, stopped once they were out of the earshot; she turned to Henry, nodded and said "later." She then took off to her next class. Henry just watched her leave in amazement no one outside his group of friends had ever done such a thing for him; he shook off the weird feeling he was experiencing and walked back to class.

Anzu found her next period before the bell rang and waited outside; Eddie, Richie, Stanley, and Bill showed up when the bell rang to switch.

"Hey Anzu, you ok?" Stanley questioned and the rest of the boys stopped to see what was happening. Anzu shook her head smiling, "I'm fine guys, just had a run in Swanson." She finished picking up her bags as the students from the previous class began filing out.

"He's kind of creepy, right?" Eddie asked making a gross face, Anzu agreed.

"D-don't let h-h-him g-g-get to you, ok?" Bill came up and placed a hand on her shoulder giving her a reassuring squeeze. "I-I-If y-y-you want h-help, j-j-just let us k-k-now." He offered with a humble smile.

"Yeah we'll kick some ass for you, you just gotta let me at'em and I'll give'em the ole one, two!" Richie moved his arms in a fisty cuffs motion, making Anzu giggle. "Thanks, but I don't think you wanna get involved." She warned as the group went to go take their seats.

The rest of the day was uneventful; Bowers and Hockstetter even left Anzu and Ben alone during gym class to which the two were actually able to play a decent game of basketball. Bowers just wanted to think about what happened outside the library while he and Patrick were sat on the bleachers, Patrick creepily watching Anzu and Ben. Henry would catch Anzu looking over at him from time to time, but would look away once he noticed her. He had never felt this feeling in his

life and didn't know how to deal with this, in his head he thought it made him feel weak and that he should have been the man; he should have fought Swanson, left him a bloody mess for even thinking to take what was his.

'Mine?' he thought, looking at the ground, his eyes becoming blurry. All he knew was that something would have happened to her had he not done something.

'She ain't even yours, you fuckin' idiot.' He heard his dad's voice in his head degrade him, 'You're pussy whipped.' He heard him say disgustedly.

'She needed my help, I wanted to...' Henry's train of thought was interrupted when Greta came over and sat with him.

"I miss you, Hen." She slid up next to him, laying her hand on his arm touching his bicep. Henry inwardly groaned and just so happened to look over at Anzu in time for their eyes to meet again.

Anzu saw Greta sit down with Henry and had a sudden burst of jealousy surge through her body, when their eyes met, she quickly looked away. 'What do I have to be jealous for?' she questioned herself, calmly tossing the ball over to Ben who tried to make it into the hoop. Anzu trained herself to look away from Henry so she wouldn't let him see her disappointment, but she remembered that she would have him for her last class.

'What was happening? Were they kind of friends? Did they even like each other?' she then snapped herself out of her sad stupor and realized that nothing had been said yet and that she should move on from it. All she had done was a simple favor, which she shouldn't have. Anzu would leave it at that, nothing more can be done, and her life shouldn't stop for one person who surely wasn't worth the trouble, right?

He was racist, Kawakami thought.

Meanwhile on the bleachers.

Greta leaned her head on to Henry's shoulder, caressing his arm she was touching before. "I know I shouldn't have broke things off in the first place, but I think I needed a bit of freedom and I want to come back to you now." She began rambling about how they're perfect for each other and how she had plans for their future. Henry was drowning her out; he swore once he turned her down, he'd seriously consider pursuing Kawakami after this.

"Nah, I'm not into it anymore." He said it loud enough for only her to hear and she stood up quickly and stormed off. "Asshole." She said boisterously so others could hear, and Patrick laughed as he watched this. Henry felt that a weight was lifted off his shoulders as he sat back against the bleachers, he would watch Anzu play ball with Hanscom.

Once the bell rang and the day continued, Anzu and Ben went their own way just as Henry and Patrick went on theirs.

Anzu was the first to arrive in art class and she began making her way over to one of the cabinets where she could find her drawing, she could hear the door to the classroom open and close. It was then that she felt the same presence near her, it felt familiar and it belonged to Bowers for sure. She gradually turned around and saw that Henry was deliberately walking towards her at a slow stride with his head down and his eyes possibly staring at the floor until he got in her personal space and was almost face to face with her; once he was directly in front of her his gaze met hers and he held eye contact. The moment was intense with the way his eyes stayed on hers; Anzu was thrown for a loop, she had never encountered anything like this before and stood there stunned watching him. She clasped her hands together, but her eyes could not look away as her breath began to quicken. He looked at her like he had never experienced whatever it was he was feeling before; in his heart, he wanted to kiss her deeply.

"I'm sorry about before. Also, I don't need your help getting out of trouble; a man never has to ask for a woman's help with anything." He said quietly looking down at her, he was only a foot taller than this girl, but what she had done for him felt like he didn't deserve it.

"You're apologizing for-"she couldn't finish before he interrupted her.

"Calling you a god damned greasy jap." He countered, keeping his proximity. "I can handle myself, Kawakami." He said getting closer, his brain was firing off so many signals for him to just fucking kiss her, but he held back for her sake. She had already been the target of Swanson's unwelcome affections, he fought with himself to leave her to her own decisions, but his head was screaming at him to dominate her now.

This time Anzu didn't move with their forms inches apart. "I accept your apology and about the trouble you were almost in, think of that as my thank you." She said as she stepped around him with her drawing in hand and began to make her way to her seat. Beverly and the rest of the class began arriving to class and the instructor started shortly after.

Over the course of several days, Anzu slowly began to tell Beverly what had happened between her and Bowers. At first, Beverly was grossed out, but then things started making sense as to Bowers odd behavior with them in art class.

The odd behavior being him only asking Kawakami if she had any drawings he missed from when he skipped class, she'd allow him to look at her drawing book before going back to his seat, and sometimes he'd ask Anzu to borrow a pencil as well.

"Holy shit wait does that mean he ...likes you?" questioned Bev when they walked over to sharpen their pencils, far away enough so Bowers couldn't hear.

"I don't know what to think." Anzu wondered deeply. Beverly looked at her and her eyes brightened with the realization.

"Do you like him?" she asked a little quieter now, almost whispering in her ear. Anzu sucked in her breath at the thought of her liking him.

"I can't tell, Bev." She asked the red head, looking truly lost.

Beverly quickly put her pencil down and asked if she could place her hands on Anzu's shoulders. Anzu nodded and Beverly did so gently.

"Ok, do you find yourself thinking about him a lot? Maybe even hoping to catch his eye in the hall or any other classes you guys might have together?" She asked seriously, looking Anzu in the eye.

Anzu squirmed and nodded quietly; Beverly nodded understanding her friend now.

"Anzu, I don't want him taking advantage of you. I don't think you should pursue this." Beverly warned and Anzu nodded knowing full well what sort of havoc that would entail.